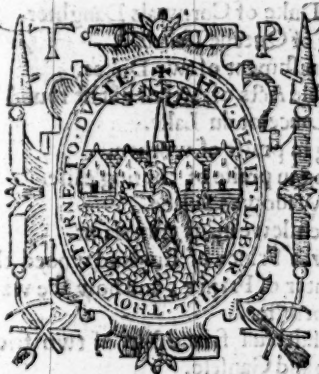


THE GARLAND OF Good Will.

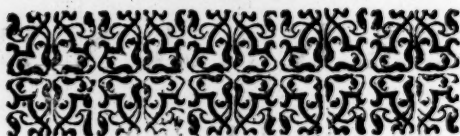
Diuided into three parts: Containing
many pleasant Songs, and pretie
poems, to sundry new
Notes.

With a Table to finde the names of all the Songs.

Written by T. D.



Imprinted at London for Robert Bird, at the Bible
in Saint Lawrence Lane 1631.



The Table.

I. Part.



1. **T**He faire Lady Rosamond.
2. Shores Wife.
3. How King Edgar was deceived.
4. How Couentry was made free.
5. Of the Duke of Cornwals Daughter.
6. A Song of Queene Isabell.
7. The banishment of two Dukes.
8. The noble Acts of Arthur of the round Table,
and of Lancelot du Lake.
9. A Song in praise of women.
10. A Song in praise of the single life.
11. The Widowes Solace.
12. A Gentlewomans complaint.
13. How a Prince of England wooed the Kings
Daughter of France ; and how she was married
to a Forrester.
14. The faithfull friendship of two friends, Al-
phonso and Ganselo.

The Table.

In the second Part.

1. A Pastorall Song.
2. Patient Grizel.
3. A Song betweene Truth and Ignorance.
4. Iudeth and Holofernes.
5. In praise of the English Rose.

In the third Part.

1. A Maidens choice twixt age and youth.
2. As I came from Walsingham.
3. The winning of Cales.
4. Of Edward the third and a Countesse.
5. The Spanish Ladies loue.
6. A farewell to loue.
7. Louer by his gifts thinketh to conquer Chastity.
8. The womans answer.

FINIS.

A 2

A



A Mournfull Dittie, on the
death of Rosamond, King Henry
the seconds Concubine.

I.

To the Tune of When flying Fame.

When as King Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
Besides the Quene he dârely lou'd
a faire and Princely Dame.
Most péelelesse was her beauty sound,
her fauour and her face:
A swæter creature in this world,
did neuer Prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threds of Gold,
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like Orient pearles,
did cast a heavenly light.
The blond within her Chyristall châkes,
did such a colour dyne:

As

The Garland of good Will.

As though the Lilly and Rose,
for maister ship did strue.

Yet Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so:

To whom Dame Elinor the Quene,
was knowne a cruell foe.

The King therefore for her defence,
against the furious Quene,

At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
the like was neuer scene.

Most curiously this Bower was built
of stone and timber strong,

An hundred and fifty doores,
did to that bower belong.

And they so cunningly contria'd
with turnings round about,

That none but with a clew of thred,
could enter in or out.

And for his loue and Ladies sake,
that was so faire and bright:

The keeping of that bower he gaue,
vnto a valiant Knight.

But fortune that doth often frowne,
where she before did smile:

The Kings delight, the Ladies ioy,

The Garland of good Will.
full sone he did beguile.

For while the Kings vngracious sonne,
whom he did high aduance:
Against his Father raised warre,
within the Realme of France.
But yet our comely king,
the English land forsooke:
Of Rosamond his Lady faire,
his farewell thus he toke.

My Rosamond, the onely Rose
that pleaseth best mine eye:
The fairest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie.
The flower of mine afflicted heart,
whose sweetnesse doth excell:
My royall Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leane my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose a space.
And crosse the seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase.
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see:
And in my heart while hence I am
He beare my Rose with me

When

The Garland of good Will.

When Rosamond the Lady bright,
did heare the king say so:
The sorow of her griened heart,
her outward lokes did shew.
And from her cleare and cristall eyes,
the teares gusht out apace:
Which like a siluer pearled dew,
ran downe her comly face.

Her lips like to a Cozall red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorow she concein'd
her vitall spirits did faile.
So falling downe all in a swoon
befoze King Henries face:
Fell oft betwene his Princely armes,
her corpes he did embrace.

And twenty times with watry eyes,
he kist her tender chéeke:
Untill she had recein'd againe
her senses mild and meeke.
Why grienes my Rose, my swétest Rose
the king did euer say;
Because, quoth she, to blondy warres,
my Lord must part away.

But sith your grace in sorren coast,

The Garland of good Will.

among your foes vnkind.
Must go hazard life and limbe,
why should I stay behind;
Say rather let me like a Page,
your shield and Target beare,
That on my brest the blow may light,
that should annoy you there.

O let me in your Royall Tent,
prepare your bed at night:
And with sweet baths refresh your Grace
at your returne from fight:
So I your presence may enioy,
no toyle I must refuse:
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true loue abuse.

Content thy selfe my dearest loue,
thy rest at home shall be:
In Englands sweet and pleasant soile,
for trauel fits not thee.
Faيرة Ladies bycke not bloudy warrs,
sweet peace their pleasure breeds:
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy first doth feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke Bower,
with Musicks sweet delight:

while

The Garland of good Will,

While I among the piercing pikes,
against my foes do fight.
My Rose in robes and pearles of Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight:
Shall dance the Galliard of my loue,
While I my foes do smite.

And you Sir Thomas, whom I trust,
to be my loues defence:
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would bzeake:
And Rosamond for inward grieve,
not one plaine word could speake.

For at his parting well they might,
in heart be griened sore:
After that day, faire Rosamond
the King did see no more.
For when his grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone:
Quene Elinor with enuious heart,
to Woodstocke came anon.

And forth she cal'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower:
"Alas with his clew of twined thred,

came

The Garland of good Will.

came from that famous flower.
And when that they had wounded him
the Quene his thred did get:
And came where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angell set.

But when the Quene with stedfast eyes
beheld her heavenly face:
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.
Cast off thy Robes from thee, he said,
that rich and costly be:
And drinke thee vp this deadly draught
which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knée,
sweet Rosamond did fall:
And pardon of the Quene she crav'd,
for her offences all.
Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamond did cry:
And let me not with popson strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a Cloister bide:
Or else be banisht if you please,
to range the world so wide.

and

The Garland of good Will,

And for the fault that I haue done,
though I were for't thereto:
Preserue my life and punish me,
as you thinke best to do.

And with these words, her Lilly hands
the rung full often there:
And downe along her lovely chākes,
proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious Quēne
therewith appeased be:
The cup of deadly popson fil'd,
as she sat on her knée.

She gaue this comely Dame to drinke,
who tooke it from her hand:
And from her bended knée arose,
and on her feet did stand.
And casting vp her eyes to Heauen,
she did for mercy call:
And drinking vp the popson then,
her life she lost with all.

And when that death through every limbe,
had done his greatest spight:
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse,
she was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intombe,

when

The Garland of good Will.

When life was fled away:
At Godstow neere to Driford Towne
as may be seene this day.

FINIS.

2.

A New Sonnet, conteining the Lamentation of
Shores wife, who was sometime Concubine to
King Edward the fourth, setting forth her great
fall, and withall her most miserable and wretch-
ed end.

To the tune of, the hunt is vp.

Listen faire Ladies
Unto my misery:
That liued late in pompous state,
most delightfully.
And now by Fortunes faire dissimulation,
Brought to cruell and vnconouth plagues,
most spightfully.

Shores wife I am,
So knowne by name:
And at the Flower-de-luce in Cheapside
was my dwelling:
The only daughter of a wealthy merchant man,
against

The Garland of good Will.

Against whose counsel enermore
I was rebelling.

Young was I loued;
No affection moued
My heart or mind to giue or yeld
to their consenting.

My Parents thinking richly for to wed me,
Forcing me to that which caused
My repenting.

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty caused many Gallants
to salute me.

The king commanding, I straight obeyed:
For his chiefest iewel then,
he did repute me.

Braue was I trained,
Like a Quene I rained,
And many poore mens suits
by me was obtained.

In al the Court to none was such resort
As vnto me, though now in scozne,
I be disdained.

When the King dyed,

The Garland of good Will.

My grieſe I tryed:
From the Court I was expelled,
With diſpight.
The Duke of Gloſter being Lord Protector,
Tooke away my goods, againſt
all law and right.

In a Proceſſion,
For my tranſgreſſion,
Bare foot he made me go,
for to ſhame me.
A Croſſe befoze me there was carried plainly,
As a pennance for my former life,
ſo to tame me.

Then through London,
Being thus vndone,
The Lord Protector publiſhed,
a Proclamation:
On paine of death I ſhould not be harboꝝd,
Which forthermoze increaſt my ſorow
and vexation.

I that had plenty,
And diſhes dainty:
poſt ſumptuoꝝſly brought to my boꝝd
at my pleaſure:
Being full poꝝe, from doꝝe to doꝝe,

The Garland of good Will.

I begd my bread with clacke and dish,
at my leasure.

My riche attire,
By fortunes yze,
To rotten rags and nakednesse
they are beaten.

My body soft, which the King embraced oft,
With vermine vile annoyd
and eatev,

On stalls and stones,
Did lye my bones,
That wanted was in beds of downe
to be placed.

And you see my finest pillowes be,
Of stinking straw, both dirt and dung,
thus disgraced.

Wherefoze Faire Ladies,
With your swæt babies,
My grienous fall beare in your mind,
and behold me:

How strange a thing, that the lone of a King,
Should come to dye vnder a stall,
as I told y^e.

FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.

3.

A new Song of King Edgar, King of England,
how he was deprived of a Lady, which
he loued, by a Knight of his
Court.

To be sung in the old ancient sort, or else to the
Tune of Labandalashot.

(land,
VVhenas King Edgar did gouerne this
adowne, adowne, downe, down, down,
And in the strength of his yeres did stand,
call him downe a
Such praise was spread of a gallant Dame,
Which did through England carry great fame,
And she a Lady of noble degré.
The Earle of Denonshires daughter was she,
The King which lately had buried his Quene,
And not long time had a Widdower bene.
Hearing this praise of this gallant Maid,
Upon her beauty his loue he laide,
And in his sighes he wold often say,
I will go send for that Lady gay:
Yea I will go send for that Lady bright,
Which is my treasure and delight:
Whose beauty like to Phœbus beames,
Doth glister through all Chyistian Realmes,
And

The Carland of good Will.

Then to himselfe he would reply,
Saying, How fond a Prince am I,
To cast my lone so base and low,
Upon a Gyle I do not know:
King Edgar will his fancy frame,
To loue some péecelesse Princely Dame,
The daughter of a royall King,
That may a worthy dowry bring:
Whose matchlesse beauty brought in place,
May Estrilds colour cleane disgrace.
But senselesse man, what doe I mean,
Upon a broken reede to lean:
O! what fond fury doth me moue
Thus to abase my dearest Loue:
Whose visage grac't with heauenly hue
Doth Helens honour quite subdue.
The glory of her beauties pride,
Sweet Estrilds fauour doth decide.
Then pardon my vnseemely speech,
Deare lone and Lady I beseech:
For I my thoughts will henceforth frame,
To spread the honour of thy name.
Then vnto him he cal'd a Knight,
Which was most trusty in his sight,
And vnto him thus did he say:
To Carle Orgarus go thy way,
Where aske for Estrilds comely Dame,
Whose beauty went so farre by fame.

The Garland of good Will.

And if thou find her comely grace,
As fame hath spred in euery place:
Then tell her father she shall be
My crowned Queene, if she agree.
The Knight in message did proceed,
And into Devonshire with speed:
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so raviſht at her sight,
That nothing cou'd his passion meue,
Except he might obtaine her leue:
For day and night while there he ſtaid,
He courted ſtill this percerleſſe Maid:
And in his ſuit he ſhewed ſuch ſkill,
That at the length won her good will,
Forgetting quite the duty tho,
Which he vnto the King did owe.
Then coming home vnto his Grace,
He told him with diſſembling face,
That theſe reporters were to blame,
That ſo aduanc't that Maidens name.
For I aſſure your Grace, quoth he,
She is as other women be:
Her beauty of ſuch great report,
No better then the common ſort,
And farre vnmeet in euery thing,
To match with ſuch a Noble King.
But though her face be nothing faire,
Yet ſith ſhe is her fathers heire,

The Garland of good Will.

Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
Would very faine her husband be;
Then if your Grace would giue consent,
I would my selfe be well content,
The Damzell for my wife to take,
For her great Lands and Riwings sake.
The King whom thus he did deceiue,
Incontinent did giue him leaue:
For on that point he did not stand,
For why, he had no need of Land.
Then being glad he went his way,
And wedded straight that Lady gay:
The fairest creature bearing life,
Had this false Knight into his wife:
And by that match of high degree,
An Earle scone after that was he.
Ere he long time had married bene,
That many had her beauty scene:
Her praise was spred both farre and nere,
The King againe thereof did heare:
Who then in heart did plachely proude,
He was betrayed of his loue.
Though thereat he was vered sore,
Yet seem'd he not to grieue therefoze,
But kept his countenance good and kinde,
As though he bare no grudge in minde.
But on a day it came to passe,
When as the King full merry was,

The Garland of good Will.

To Ethelwood in sport he said,
I muse what chere there would be made,
If to thy house I should resort,
A night or two for privately sport:
Hereat the Carle shewd countenance glad,
Though in his heart he was sore sad:
Saying, Your Grace should welcome be,
If so your Grace would honour me.
When as the day appointed was,
Before the King did thither passe,
The Carle beforehand did prepare,
The Kings comming to declare:
And with a countenance passing grim,
He cal'd his Lady vnto him.
Saying with sad and heamy cheare,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be:
For wash not thou thine Angels face,
But doe thy beauty quith disgrace.
Where to thy gesture so apply,
It may seme lothsome to the eye.
For if the King should there behold
Thy glorious beauty so extold:
Then should my life soone shortned be,
For my deserts and trechery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Though I did not declare the same,

The Garland of good Will.

Yet was I put in trust to bring
The ioyfull tyding from the King,
Who for thy glorious beauty sene,
Did thinke of thee to make his Queene:
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gaue me such a wound,
As rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet loue, my grieve did slake:
And thus, though but charged me,
Most faithfull to my Lord to be:
Yet loue vpon the other side,
Wade for my selfe I should provide:
Then for my suit and seruice shewne,
At length I won you for mine owne,
And for your loue and wedlocke spent,
Your choise you had no whit repent.
Then with my grieve I haue exprest,
Sweet Lady, grant me my request.
Good words she gaue with smiling cheere,
Musing at that which she did heare;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault herewith she seem'd to find:
But in her selfe she thought it shame,
To make that soule which God did frame:
Most costly robes and rich therefore,
In brauest sort that day she wore:
Doing all things that ere she might,
To set her beauty forth to sight.

The Command of good Will.

And her best skill in guerdy thing,
 She shewed to entertaine the King,
 Whereby the King was fained was,
 That reason quite from him did passe,
 His heart by her was set on fire,
 He had to her a great desire,
 And so the lokes he gaue her then,
 For euery loke he lent him ten,
 And therefore the King perceiued plaine,
 His loue and lokes were not in vaine,
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 The King he would a hunting goe,
 And as they through a wood did ride,
 The Carle on horse back by his side,
 For so the story telleth plaine,
 That with a shaft the Carle was slaine,
 So when that he had lost his life,
 He took the Daughters to wife,
 Who married her, all shamed to shame,
 By whom he did beget a sonne,
 Thus he that did the King deceiue,
 Did by desert this death receiue,
 When to conclude with make an end,
 Be true and faithfull to thy friend.

The Garland of good Will.

4

How Couentry was made free by Godina,
Countesse of Chester.

To the tune of Prince Arthur died at Ludlow.

L Eofricus the Noble Earle
Of Chester, as I reade,
Did for the City of Couentry,
Many a noble dad.
Great priuiledges for the towne,
This Nobleman did get,
And of all things did make it so,
That they tole-free did sit:
Haue onely that for hoxes still,
They did some custome pay,
Which was great charges to the towne
Full long and many a day.
Wherefore his wife, Godina faire,
Did of the Earle request,
That therefore he would make it free,
As well as all the rest.
So when the Lady long had sued,
Her purpose to obtaine:
Her Noble Lord at length she toke,
Within a pleasant vaine,

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And

The Garland of good Will.

And vnto him with smiling cheare,
She did forthwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
Performe that goodly deed.
You moue me much, faire Dame (quoth he,)
Your suit I faine would thunne :
But what would you performe and do,
To haue this matter done?
Why, any thing, my Lord, quoth she,
You will with reason craue,
I will performe it with good will,
If I my wish may haue.
If thou wilt gratn one thing, said he,
Which I shall now require,
So soone as it is finished,
Thou shalt haue thy desire.
Command what you thinke good, my Lord,
I will thereto agree :
On that condition that this Towne
For euer may be free.
If thou wilt strip thy clothes off,
And here wilt lay them downe,
And at noone day on horse backe ride
Starke naked thorow the Towne,
They shall be free for euer moze :
If thou wilt not do so,
More liberty then now they haue,
I neuer will bestow.

The

The Garland of good Will.

The Lady at this strange demand,
Was much abasht in mind :
And yet for to fulfill this thing,
She neuer a whit repinde.
Wherefore to all the Officers
Of all the Towne she sent :
That they perceiuing her good will,
Which for the weale was bent,
That on the day that she should ride,
All persons thorow the Towne,
Should keepe their houses, and shut their doores,
And clap their windowes downe,
So that no creature yong or old
Should in the street be seene :
Till she had ridden all about,
Throughout the City cleane.
And when the day of riding came,
No person did her see,
Saying her Lord : after which time,
The towne was euer free.

FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.



5

How the Dukes daughter of Cornwall being married vnto King Locrine, was by him put away, and a strange Lady whom he better loued, hee married, and made her his Queene, and how his wife was auenged.

To the tune of, in Creete.

Vhen Humber in his wrathfull rage,
King Albanacke in field had Raine,
Those bloody broiles for to allwage,
King Locrine then applyed his paine,
And with an host of Brittaines sent,
At length he found King Humber out.

At vantage great he met him then,
And with his host beset him so,
That he destroy'd his warlike men,
And Humber's power did overthrow:
And Humber, which for feare did flie,
Leapt into a Riuer desperately.

And being drowned in the deepe,

The Garland of good Will.

He left a Lady there; altho, altho
Which sawe did laments and weep,
For feare they should her life depriue;
But for her face that was so faire,
The King was caught in Cupids snare.

He tooke this Lady to his lone,
Who secretly did keepe her still:
So that the Quene did quickly proue,
The King did beare her, still good will:
Which though in wedlocke late begun,
He had by her a gallant sonne.

Quene Guendoline was grieu'd in minde,
To see the King was altered for;
At length the cause she chanc'd to finde,
Which brought her to most bitter weare:
For Estrild was his ioy (God wote)
By whom a Daughter he begot.

The Duke of Cornwall being dead,
The Father of that Gallant Quene;
The King with lust being overled,
His lawfull wife he cast off cleane:
Who with her deare and tender sonne,
For succour did to Cornewall come.

Then Iocrine crowned Estrild by sight,

Am

The Garland of good Will.

And made of her his lawfull wife,
With her which was his hearts delight,
He thought to lead a pleasant life;
Thus Guendoline as one forlorne,
Was of her husband held in scorne.

But when the Cornish men did know
The great abuse she did endure:
With her a number great did goe,
Which she by prayers did procure:
In battell then they march along
For to redresse this grievous wrong.

And neere a river called Store,
The King with all his host she met:
Where both the armies fought full sore,
But the Quene the field did get:
Yet ere they did the conquest gaine,
The King was with an arrow slaine.

Then Guendoline did take in hand,
Untill her sonne was come to age,
The government of all the Land:
But first her fury to asswage,
She did command the soldiers wild,
To drowne both Estrild and her child.

Incontinent then did they bring

Faire

The Garland of good Will:

Faire Estrild to the Rivers side,
And Sabine daughter to a King,
Whom Guendoline could not abide:
Who being bound together fast,
Into the river they were cast.

And euer since that running stream,
Wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called Seuerne through the Realme,
Because that Sabine dyed there.
Thus they that did to lewdnesse bend,
Were brought into a wofull end.

FINIS.

6
A song of Queene Isabel, wife to King Edward
the second, how by the Spencers she was con-
strained secretly to goe out of England with her
elder sonne Prince Edward, to seeke for suc-
cour in France, and what hapned vnto her in her
journey.

Proud were the Spencers, and of condition ill,
All England and the King likewise,
They ruled at their will:
And many Lords and Nobles of this Land,

Through

The Gariand or good is in.

Throughe their occasion lost their liues,
and none durst them withstand:
And at the last they did enterraine their grieke,
Betwene the King and Isabel,
his Quene and faithfull wife.
So that her life she dreaded wondrous soze,
And came within her secret thoughts,
some present helpe therfore.

(sage,

Thus she requests with countenance graue and
That she to Thomas Becketts tombe,
might go on Pilgrimage.
Then being ioyfull to haue that happy chance,
Her soone and she tooke ship with speed,
and sailed into France.
And royally she was receiued then,
By the King and all the rest
of Barres and Noblemen.
And vnto him at length she did expresse
The cause of her arrivall there,
her grieke and heauinesse.

When as her brother her grieke did vnderstand,
He gaue her leaue to gather men,
throughout his famous Land:
And made his promise to aid her euermore,
Inough as she could stand in need,
with Gold and Siluer store.

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The Garland of good Will

But when in deed he should perfoyme the l. —
He was as farre from doing it,
as when she thither came, (grans,
And did proclaime while matters yet were
That none on paine of death should go
to aide the English Quene.

This alteration did greatly grieue the Quene,
That downe along her come'g face,
the bitter teares were saine.
When she perceiu'd her friends forsooke her so,
She knew not for her safety
which way to turne or go:
But through good hap at last she then deterr'd,
To looke in fruitfull Germanie,
some succour in this need.
And to Sir Iohn Henault then went she,
Who entertain'd this wofull Quene,
with great solemnitie.

And with great sorrow to him she then complaind,
Of all the griefes and iniuries
which she of late sustain'd:
So that with weeping she dim'd her Princely sight,
The summe whercof did greatly grieue
that Job'e courteous knight:
Who made an oath, he would her Champion be,
And in her quarrell spend his blood:

From

The Garland of good Will.

from wrong to set her :
And all my friends with whom I may preuaile,
Shall helpe for to aduance your state,
whose truth no time shall faile.

And in this promise most faithfull he was found,
And many Lords of great account,
was in this voyage bound.

So setting forward with a goodly traine,
At length through Gods especiall grace,
into England they came.

At Harwich then when they were come ashore,
Of English Lords and Barons bold,
there came to her great store,

Which did reioyce the Quenes afflicted heart,
That English Nobles in such sort,
did come to take her part.

When as King Edward hereof did vnderstand,
How that the Quene with such a power,
was entred on his Land,

And how his Nobles were gone to take her part,
He fled from London presently,
euen with a heauy heart :

And with the Spencers did vnto Bristoll goe,
To fortifie that Gallant Towne,
great cost he did bestow :

Leaving behind to gouerne London Towne,

The

The Garland of good Will.

The stout Bishop of Exeter,
whose pride was sone pul'd downe.

The Mayor of London with citizens great sroze
The Bishop and the Spencers both,
in hearts they did abhorre:

Therefore they tooke him without feare & dread,
And at the Standard in Cheap side,
they sone swote off his head.

Unto the Quene this message then they sent.
The City of London was
at her commandement:

Wherefore the Quene with all her companie,
Did straight to Bristow march amaine,
wher eas the King did lye.

Then she besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharpe and cruell death
to those that were so stout: (wines,

Wherefore the townsmen their children & their
Did yeld the City to the Quene,
for safegard of their liues.

Where was tooke, the story plaine doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him
the Earle of Arundel.

This iudgement iust the Nobles did set downe,
They should be drawne and hanged both,
in sight of Bristow Towne,

C

Then

The Garland of good Will.

When was King Edward in the Castle there;
And young Hugh Spencer still with him,
in dread and deadly feare.
And being prepar'd from thence to saile away,
The winds were found so contrary,
they were inforc't to stay:
But at the last Sir Henry Beaumont Knight,
Did bring their sailing ship to thore,
and so did stay their flight:
And so these men were taken full speedily,
And brought as prisoners to the Quene,
which did in Bristow lye.

(bold
The Quene by counsell of the Lords & Barons
To Barkely Castle sent the King,
there to be kept in hold. (cure,
And young Hugh Spencer that did much ill pro-
Was to the Marshall of the Hoast,
sent vnto keeping sure.
And then the Quene to Hereford toke her way,
With al her warlike company,
which late in Bristow lay.
And here behold how Spencer vled was,
From towne to towne even as the Quene
to Hereford did passe.

Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
young Spencer mounted was,

with

The Garland of good Will.

With legs and hands fast bound:
A written paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to weare,
Which did his treason show.
And to decide this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certaine men with Ræden Pipes,
Did blow befoze him still:
Thus was he led along in euery place,
While many people did reioyce,
To see his great disgrace.

(come,
When vnto Hereford our noble Quene was
She did assemble all the Lords
and Knights both all and some: (had
And in their presence vong Spencer iudgment
To be both hang'd and quartered,
his treasons were so bad.
Then was the King deposed of his Crowne,
From rule and Princely dignitie,
the Lords did cast him downe.
And in his life his son both wise and sage,
Was crowned King of faire England,
at fiftene yeares of age.

FINIS.

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A

The Garland of good Will,

7.

A Song of the banishment of two Dukes,
Hereford and Norfolke.

Two Noble Dukes of great renowne,
that long had liu'd in fame,
Thzough hatefull enuie were cast downe,
and bzought to sudden shame.
The Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise:
Gainst whom such malice there was showane,
which some in sight did rise.

The Duke of Norfolke most vntrue,
declared to the King:
The Duke of Hereford greatly grew
in hatred of each thing,
Which by his grace was acted still,
against both high and low:
And how he had a trayterous will,
his state to ouerthrow.

The Duke of Hereford then in hast,
was sent for to the King:
And by his Lords in order plac't
examined of each thing.
Which being guiltlesse of this crime,
which was against him laid:
The Duke of Norfolke at that time,

these

The Garland of good Will.
these words vnto him said.

How canst thou with a shamelesse face,
deny a truth so stout:
And here before his Royall Grace,
so falsly face it out:
Did not these treasons from thæ passe,
when we together were,
How that the King vntwozthy was
the Royall Crowne to beare:

Wherefore my gracious Lord (quoth he)
and you his noble Pæres:
To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy yeares.
I doe pronounce before you all,
the Duke of Hereford here,
A traitor to our noble King,
as time shall shew it cleare.

The Duke of Hereford hearing that
in mind was griened much:
And did returne this answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolke touch.
The terme of traitor trothlesse Duke,
in scozne and deepe disdaine:
With flat defiance to thy face,
I do returne againe.

The Garland of good Will.

And therefore if it please your Grace,
to grant me leane (quoth he)
To combate with my knowne foe,
that here accuseth me;
I doe not doubt, but plainly pꝛoue:
that like a perjur'd knight,
He hath most falsly sought my shame,
against all truth and right.

The King did grant this iust request,
and did therewith agree:
At Couentry in August next,
this combate sought should be.
The Dukes on backed steeds full stout,
in coats of stele most bright:
With speares in rests did enter lists,
this combate fierce to fight.

The King then cast his warder downe,
commanding them to stay:
And with his Lords he counsell toke,
to stint that mortall fray.
At length vnto these noble Dukes,
the King of Herald's came,
And vnto them with lofty speech,
this sentence did pꝛoclaim.

Sir Henry Bullingbrooke this day,

The Garland of good Will.

the Duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Moubray, Norfolkes Duke,
so balliant did appeare:
And hauing in honourable sozt,
repaired to this place:
Our noble King soz speciall cause,
hath altred thus the case.

First Henry Duke of Hereford,
ere fifténe dayes be past:
Shall part this Realme on paine of death,
while ten yeares space doth last.
And Thomas Duke of Norfolke, thou
that hast begun this strife,
And therefore no good prooue canst bring,
I say soz terme of life.

By iudgement of our Soueraigne Lord
which now in place doth stand:
For enermore I banish thee,
out of thy native Land:
Charging thee on paine of death,
when fifténe dayes are past:
Thou neuer tread on English ground,
so long as life doth last.

Thus were they sworne befoze the King
ere they did further passe:

The Garland of good Will.

The one should neuer come in place,
where as the other was.
Then both the Dukes with heavy hearts,
were parted presently:
Their vncooth streams of sorrow chance,
in forraigne Lands to try.

The Duke of Norfolke comming then,
where hee should shipping take:
The bitter tears fell downe his cheeks,
and thus his woe did make.
Now let me sob and sigh my fill,
ere I from hence depart:
That inward pangs with speed may burst
my soze afflicted heart.

Ah cursed man whose loathed life
is held so much in scozne:
Whose company is cleane despis'd,
and life as one forloyn.
Now take thy leane and last adue,
of this thy countrey deare.
Which neuer more thou must behold
nor yet approach it neare.

Now happy should I count my self,
if death my heart had torne:
That I might haue my bones entomb'd,

where

The Garland of good Will,

where I was bred and bozne.

O: that by Neptunes wrathfull rage,

I might be prest to dye;

While that swæt Englands pleasant banks,

did stand besoze mine eye. .

How swæt a sent hath English ground,

within my senses now:

How faire vnto my outward sight,

seemes euery branch and bow.

The fields and flowers, the trées and stones,

seeme such vnto my mind:

That in all other Countries sure,

the like I shall not find.

O: that the Sun with shining face,

would stay his Stéeds by strength:

That this same day might stretched be

to twenty yeares of length.

And that the true perfozmed tides,

their hasty course to stay:

That Eolus would neuer peeld,

to beare me hence away.

That by the Fountaine of mine eye,

the fields might watred be:

That I might graue my grienous plaints,

vpon each springing trée.

The Garland of good Will.

But time I see with Eagles wings,
too swift doth flye away:
And dusky clouds begin to dim
the brightnes of the day.

The fatall houre byaweth on,
the winds and tides agree:
And now sweet England ouer sone,
I must depart from thee.
The mariners haue hoisted sailes,
and call to catch me in:
And now in wofull heart I seele,
my torments to begin.

Wherefore farewell for evermore,
sweet England vnto thee:
And farewell all my freinds which I
again shall neuer see.
And England here I kisse thy ground
vpon my bended knee:
Whereby to shew to all the world,
how deare I loued thee.

This being said, away he went,
as fortune did him guide:
And at the length with grieve of hart,
in Venice there he died.
The Duke in dolefull sort,

The Garland of good Will.
did leade his life in France:
And at the last the mighty Lord,
did him fall high aduance.

The Lords of England afterward,
did send for him againe:
While that King Richard at the wars,
in Ireland did remaine.
Who through the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring,
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly crowned King.

8.

The Noble Acts of Arthur of the round
Table.

To the tune of, Flying Fame

When Arthur first in court began,
and was approued King:
By force of armes great victories wan,
and conquest home did bring.
Then into Britaine straight he came,
where sittie good and able
Knights then repaired vnto him,
which were of the round Table.

And

The Garland of good Will,
And many Jousts and Turnaments,
before them there were best:
Where both Knights did then excell
and farre surmount the rest.
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approued well,
He in his sight and deeds of armes,
all other did excell:
When he had rested him a while,
to play to game and sport,
He thought he would go proue himselfe,
in some aduenturous sort.
He armed rode in forrest wide,
and met a Damosell faire:
Who told him of aduentures great,
whereunto he gaue good eare.
Why should I not quoth Lancelot tho,
for that cause came I hither:
Thou seemst, quoth she, a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither:
Where as the mightiest Knight doth dwell
that now is of great fame:
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is thy name,
My name is Lancelot du Lake;
quoth she it likes me than:
Here dwels a Knight that neuer was
ore matcht with any man.

Who

The Garland of good Will.

Who hath in prison thre score knights,
and foure that he hath won:
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
and of his Table round.

She brought him to a Rivers side,
and also to a tree:

Whereas a copper Bason hung,
his fellows shields to see.

He stroke so hard the Bason broke,
when Tarquin heard the sound,
He droue a horse before him straight,
whereon a Knight lay bound.

Sir Knight then said Sir Lancelot tho,
bying me that horse load hither:

And lay him downe and let him rest,
weele trie our force together.

And as I vnder stand thou hast,
so farre as thou art able,

Done great despight and shame vnto
the Knights of the round Table.

If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth Tarquin speedily)

Both thee and all thy fellowship,
I vtterly desie.

That's ouermuch quoth Lancelot tho,
defend thee by and by.

They put their spurs vnto their Steeds
and each at others sie.

The Garland of good Will.

They coucht their speares and hozes ran,
as though there had ben thunder.
And each stroake then amidst the shield,
wherewith they bzake in sander.
Their hozes backs bzake vnder them,
the Knights were both aound,
To bold their hozse they made great hast
to light vpon the ground.
They toke them to their shields fall fast,
their swords they bzew out than:
With mighty strokes most agerly,
each one to other ran.
They wounded were, and blew full soze,
for bzearth they both did stand,
And leaning on their swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand.
And tell to me what I shall aske.
say on, quoth Lancelot tho:
Thou art quoth Tarquin the best Knight,
that euer I did know:
And like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliner all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said, quoth Lancelot tho:
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show,

The Garland of good Will.

His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my brother deare;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy wish thou hast but now unknowne,
I am Lancelot du lake,
Now Knight of Archurs Table round,
King Haunds sonne of Wenwake:
And I desie thee, do thy worst.
Ha, ha, quoth Tarquin tho:
One of vs two shall end our liues,
before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be:
Wherefore see thou thy selfe defend,
for now I thee desie.
They buckled then together so,
like two wilde Boares so rushing:
And with there swozds and Shields they ran
at one another lashing,
The ground besprinkled was with bloud,
Tarquin began to faint:
For he gaue backe, and boze his Shield
so low, he did repent.
That sone espied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt vnto him then:
He pul'd him downe vpon his knes,
and rushing off his helme.

And

The Garland of good Will.

They coucht their speares and hozes ran,
as though there had ben thunder.
And each stroake then amidst the shield,
wherewith they bzake in sander.
Their hozes backs bzake vnder them,
the Knights were both affound,
To bold their hozse they made great hast
to light vpon the ground.
They toke them to their shields full fast,
their swozds they bzew out than:
With mighty strokes most egerly,
each one to other ran.
They wounded were, and blew full soze,
for bzearth they both did stand,
And leaning on their swozds a while,
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And tell to me what I shall aske.
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so that thou be not he,
I will deliuer all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said, quoth Lancelot tho:
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show,

The Garland of good Will.

His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my brother deare;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy with thou hast but now unknowne,
I am Lancelot du lake,
Now Knight of Archurs Table round,
King Haunds sonne of Benwake:
And I desie thee, do thy worst.
Ha, ha, quoth Tarquin tho:
One of vs two shall end our liues,
before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be:
Wherefore see thou thy selfe defend,
for now I thee desie.
They buckled then together so,
like two wilde Boares so rushing:
And with there swords and shields they ran
at one another lashing,
The ground besp: inkled was with bloud,
Tarquin began to faint:
For he gaue backe, and boze his shield
so low, he did repent.
That sone espied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt vnto him then:
He pul'd him downe vpon his knees,
and rushing off his helme.

And

The Garland of good Will.

And he stroke his necke in two
and when he had done so,
From prison threescore Knights and foure,
Tarquin deliuered tho.

FINIS.

9.

A Song in praise of Women. To a Pleasant new
Tune, called, My Valentine.

Among all other things
that God hath made beneath the skie,
Most gloziously to satisfie the curious eye
of Mortall man withall:
The sight of Eue,
Did soonest sit his fancy:
Whose curtesie and amitie, most speedily,
had caught his heart in thral:
Whom he did loue so deare,
as plainly did appeare:
He made her Quene of all the world
and Mistresse of his heart:
Though afterwards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart,
What need I speake
Of matters passed long agoe: (loke
Which all men know, I need not shew, to hie or
the

The Garland of good Will.

I heare some men do say to me,
Few such there be in each degree and qualitie,
at this day to be found:
And now adayes,
Some wines do set their whole delight,
Both day and night, with all despight to brattle
their rage doth so abound. (and fight,
But sure I think and say,
here comes none such to day.
For do I know of any the,
that is within this place,
And yet for feare I dare not sweare,
it is so hard a case.

But to conclude,
For maidens and wives and virgins all,
Both great and small, in bowze or hall, to pray
so long as life doth last. (I shall
That they may live,
With hearts content and perfect peace,
That loves increas may neuer cease, till death
the care that crept so fast: (release
For duty doth me binde,
To haue them all in mind:
Euen for her sake, that doth vs make
so merry to be sene:
The glozy of the small kind,
I meane our Noble Queene.

FINIS.

A

The Garland of good Will.

19.

A Song, in praise of a single life, to the Tune of
Ghosts hearse.

Some do write of bloudy warres,
Some shew the sundry iarres,
twirt men throught enuy raised:
Some in praise of Princes write,
Some set their whole delight
to heare faire beauty blazed.
Some other persons are moued,
for to praise where they are loued:
And let louers praise beauty as they will;
Other wayes I am intended:
True lone is little regarded,
And oftentimes goes unrewarded,
then to auoid all strife,
Whereby the heart is not offended.

What suit and seruice too,
Is vsed by them that woo:
and all to purchase fauour,
What grieve in heart and mind,
What sorrow do we find,
through womans fond behaviour:
Subiect to suffer each sorrow,
and speeches both sharpe and sorrow,

D 2

And

The Garland of good Will.

And labour, loue & cost, perchance its but all lost.
and no way to be amended:

And so to purchase pleasure,
And after repent by lypsure,
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

To a man in wedded state
Doth happen much debate,
except Gods speciall fauour:

If his wife be prouidly bent,
Or secretly consent,
to any lewd behauiour:

If she be slothfull or idle,
Or such, as his tongue cannot by idle,
Or then well were he,
If death his bane would be,
No sorrow else can be amended:
For looke how long he were tining,
Euermore would he be griening.
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Married folke we often heare,
Euen thzough their children deare:
hane many causes of sorrowes,
If disobedient they be found,
Or false in any ground,
by their vnlawfull borrowes,
To see such wicked fellows,

Wante.

The Garland of good Will.

Shamefully come to the Gallowes.
Whom Parents with great care,
Nourished with dainty fare,
from their cradle truly tended,
When as the mother befoze them,
doth curse they day that ere she boze them,
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Do we then behold and see,
When men and wiues agree,
and liue and loue together:
Where the Lord hath sent them eke:
Faire chilozen mild and meeke,
like flowers in Summers weather
How greatly are they greiued,
And will not by ioy be relieued,
if that death doth call,
Either wife or chilozen small,
whom their vertues do commend,
Their losses whom they thus loued,
from their hearts cannot be moued
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Who being in that happy state,
Would worke himselfe such hate,
his fancy soz to follow:
Or liuing here deuoid all strife,
Would take to him a wife:

The Garland of good Will.

For to procure his sorrow:
With carking and with caring,
Euermore must be sparing:
Were he not worse then mad,
being merry wold be sad:
Were he to be commended,
That ere would seeke such pleasure,
where grieve is all his treasure.
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

12.

The widdowes solace, To the tune of
Robinsons Almaine.

Morne no more faire widdow,
feares are all in vaine:
Tis neither grieve nor sorrow,
can call the dead againe.
Man's well enough compared
vnto the Summers flower:
Which now is faire and pleasant,
yet withered in an houre.
And mourne no more in vaine,
as one whose faith is small:
Be patient in affliction,
and giue god thanks for all.

All men are bozne to dye,

the

The Garland of good Will,

the Scripture telleth plaine,
Of earth we are created,
to earth we must againe.
Twas neither Cressus treasure,
nor Alexanders fame,
nor Solomon by wisdom,
that could deaths fury tame.
So Physicke might preserve them
when nature did decay:
What man can hold for ever,
the thing that will away.
Then mourn no more, &c.

Though you have lost your husband,
your comfort in distresse:
Consider God regardeth
the widdowes heavinesse.
And hath straightly charged,
such as his children be,
The fatherlesse and widdow,
to shield from iniury.
Then mourn no more, &c.

If he were true and faithfull,
and loving unto thee:
Doubt not but there's in England,
enough as good as he.
But if that such affection,

D 4

with

The Garland of good Will.

within his heart was none:
Then gine God praise and glozy,
that he is dead and gone.
And mourne no moze, &c.

Receiue such satozs friendly,
as do resort-to thee:
Respect not the outward person,
but the inward grauity.
And with aduised indgment,
chuse him aboue the rest:
Whom thou by pzoze hast tried,
in heart to loue thee best.
Then mourne no moze, &c.

Then shalt thou leade a life,
crempt from all annoy:
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God gine thee ioy.
And thus I make an end,
with true humilitie,
In hope my simple solace,
shall well accepted be.
Then mourne no moze in vaine, &c.

FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.

12.

A Gentlewomans complaint, in that she found her freind faithlesse, which should haue continued constant.

Faith is a figure standing now for nought:
Faith is a fancy wrought to rest in thought.
Faith now adaies, as all the world may see,
Kesteth in few, and Faith is fled from thee.

Is there any Faith in strangers to be found:
Is there any Faith lies hidden in the ground:
Is there any Faith in men that buried be:
No there is none, and Faith is fled from thee.

Fled is the Faith that might remaine in any,
Fled is the Faith that should remaine in many;
Fled is the Faith that should in any be.
Then far well hope, for Faith is fled from thee.

From Faith I see, that euery one is flying:
From Faith I see, that all things are a dying:
They flye from Faith y^e most in Faith should be,
And faithlesse thou, that brake thy Faith to me.

Thée haue I sought but thée I could not find,
Thou of all other, was most within my minde:
Thée haue I left, and I alone will be,
Because I finde that Faith is fled from thee.

Of

The Garland of good Will.

13.

Of a prince of England, who wooed the Kings
daughter of France, and how he was slaine, and
she after married to a Forrester.

To the tune of Crimson velvet.

In the dayes of old,
When faire France did flourish;
Stories plainly tell,
Lovers felt annoy.
The King a Daughter had,
Beautious, bright and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
She was his onely toy.
A Prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame:
He wooed her long, and loe at last,
Tooke what he did require,
She granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linked fast
Which when her Father proued,
Lord how he was moued,
and tormented in his mind:
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them
fortune crosses Lovers kind.

When

The Garland of good Will.

When the Princes twaine,
Where thus bard of pleasure:
Through the kings disdain,
Which their ioyes withstood.
The Lady got by close,
Her iewels and her treasure,
Hauing no remorse,
Of state or royall Bloud.
In homely poore array,
She got from Court away
to meet her ioy and hearts delight:
Who in a Forrest great,
Had taken by his seat,
to wait her comming in the night.
But see what sudden danger,
To this Princely stranger,
chanced as he sate alone:
By out-lawes was he robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
uttering many a dying groane.

The Princesse arm'd by him,
And by true desire:
Mandring all the night,
without dread at all.
Still vnknowne she passed,
In her strange attire,
Comming at the last,

in

The Garland of good Will.

in the echoes call.

You faire woods, quoth shee,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight,
Which doth compasse here,
My ioy and only deere,
my trusty friend and Knight.
Sweet I come vnto thee,
Sweet I come to lose thee,
that thou maist not angry be:
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
mends for all Ile make to thee.

Passing thus along,
Through the silent Forrest,
Many grievous groanes,
sounded in her eares:
Where she heard a man,
To lament the sorest,
That was ever sene,
forced by deadly feare:
Farewell my deare quoth he,
Whom I shall never see:
for why my life is at an end,
Through villaines cruelty,
So here for thee I dye,
to shew I am a faithfull friend,

Here

The Garland of good Will.

Here I ly a bléding,
While my thoughts are féding,
on thy dearest beauty found.
O hard hap that may be,
Little knowes my Lady,
my heart bloud lyes on the ground.

With that he gaue a groane,
Which did burst in sonder,
All the tender strings
of his bléding heart.
She which knew his voice,
At his tale did wonder:
All her former ioy,
did to grieve conuert.
Straight she ran to see,
Who this man should be,
that so like her loue did speake:
And found when as she came,
Her lovely Lord lay slaine,
all smear'd in blood, which life did bryake.

When this deed she spied,
Lord how soze she cryed:
Her sorrow cannot counted be,
Her eyes like fountaines running,
Whiles she cryed out my darling,
I would that I had dyed for thee.

The Garland of good Will:

His pale lips alas,
Twenty times he kissed,
And his face did wash,
with her trickling teares.

Euery bléeding wound,
Her faire eyes bedewed,
Wiping off the blood
with her golden haire.
Speake faire Prince to me,
One sweet word of comfort giue:
Lift vp thy faire eyes,
Listen to my cries,
think in what great griefe I liue.
All in vaine she sued,
All in vaine she biewed,
the Princes life was dead and gone;
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Sunnes appproching,
and bright day was comming on.

In this great distresse,
Quoth the royall Lady,
Who can now expresse,
what will become of me:
To my Fathers Court,
Will I neuer wander,
But some service take,

where

The Garland of good Will.

where I might placed be:
And thus she made her mone,
Weeping all alone,
all in dread and dreadfull feare:
A Forrester all in graine,
Most comely to be seene,
ranging the woods did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow,
Paide, quoth he, good morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here:
Harder hap did neuer,
Chance to maiden euer,
here lies laine my brother deare.

Where might I be placed,
Gentle Forrester tell me:
Where should I procure
a service in my care.
Paines I will not spare,
But will do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
help my extreme need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire.
If faire Paide quoth he,
You will go with me,
You shall haue your hearts desire.

The Garland of good Will.

He brought her to his mother,
And aboue all other,
 he sets forth this maidens praise.
Long was his heart enflamed,
At last her love he gained:
 thus did he his glozy raise.

Thus vnknowne he matched,
With the Kings faire Daughter:
Childzen seven he had,
 ere he knew the same:
But when he vnderstood,
She was a royall Princesse,
By this meanes at last,
 he shewed forth her fame:
He cloath'd his Childzen then,
Not like other men,
 in party colours strange to see:
The left side cloth of Gold,
The right side now behold,
 of woollen cloth still framed he.
Men hereat did wonder,
Golden fame did thunder
 this strange deed in euery place.
The King of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather,
 in the woods the Hart to chase.

The

The Garland of good Will.

The children then did stand,
As their Father willed,
Where the Royall King,
must of force come by.
Their Mother richly clad,
In faire Crimson beluet:
Their Father all in gray,
comely to the eye.
Then the famous King
Noted every thing,
asking how he durst be so bold,
To let his wife to weare,
And decke his children there,
in costly robes, in cloth of gold,
The forrester both replied,
And the cause descried,
to the king thus did he say:
Well may they by their Mother,
Weare rich gold like other,
being by birth a Princesse gay.

The King vpon these words,
Doze hardfully beheld them:
Till a Crimson blush,
his conceit did crosse.
The more I looke, he said,
On thy wife and children,
The more I call to mind,

The Garland of good Will,

my Daughter whom I lost.
I am that Child (quoth she)
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Soueraigne Liege.
The King perceiuing this,
His daughter deare did kisse
and ioyfull teares did stop his speech:
With his traine he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight way he dub'd her husband knight,
Then made him Earle of Flanders,
One of his chiefe Commanders:
thus was his sorrow put to flight. Finis

Of the faithfull friendship that lasted betweene
two faithfull friends. To the Tune of
Flying Fame.

In stately Rome sometimes did dwell
a man of noble Fame:
Who had a sonne of seemely shape,
Alphonso was his name:
When he was growne and come to age,
his father thought it best,
To send his sonne to Athens faire,
where wisedomes Schoole did rest.

And when he was to Athens come,

The Garland of good Will.

god Lectures for to learne.

A place to board him with delight,
his friends did well discern,
A noble Knight of Athens Towne,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a sonne Ganselo cald,
iust of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in fauour, speech and face:
In qualitie and condition eke
they græd in enery place.
So like they were in all respects,
the one vnto the other;
They were not knowne but by their name,
of father noz of mother.

And as in fauour they were found
alike in all respects:
Then so they did most dearly loue,
as prou'd by good respect.
Ganselo loued a Lady faire,
which did in Athens dwell,
Who was in beauty pærllesse found,
so farre she did excell.

Upon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him mone:

¶

That

The Garland of good Will,

That he would visit for delight,
his Ladie and his loue:
And to his true and faithfull friend,
he did declare the same:
Asking of him if he would see,
that faire and comely Dame.

Alphonso did thereto agré,
and with Ganselo went:
To see the Ladie whom he lou'd
which bred his discontent.
But when he cast his Chrystall eyes
vpon her Angels hue:
The beauty of that Ladie bright,
did straight his heart subdue.

His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that faire Ladies face,
That afterward he daily liu'd
in sad and wofull case.
And of his grieke he knew not how
thereof to make an end:
For that he knew the Ladies loue,
was yelded to his friend.

Thus being soze perplext in mind,
vpon his bed he lay:
Like one which death and deepe despaire,

had

The Garland of good Will.

had almost worne away.

His friend Ganselo that did see,
his griefe and great distresse:
At length requested for to know
his cause of heavinesse.

With much adoe at length he told
the truth vnto his friend:

Who did release his inward woe,
with comfort in the end.

Take courage then deare friend, quoth he,
though she through loue be mine:

My right I will resigne to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.

You know our fauours are alike,
our speech alike likewise:

This day in mine apparell then,
you shall your selfe disguise.

And vnto Church then shall you goe,
directly in my sted:

So though my friends suppose tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed:

He went next day, and wedded plaine,
the Lady there indeed.

The Garland of good Will.

But when the Nuptiall Feast was done,
and Phcebus quite was fled,
The Lady for Ganselo tooke
Alphonso to her bed.
That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Post for faire Alphonso came,
to fetch him home to Rome.
Then was the matter plainly prou'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And not Ganselo to that Dame,
which wrought great wo alas.

Alphonso being come to Rome,
with his Lady gay:
Ganseloes friends and kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,
That they depri'd him of his wealth,
his lands and rich attyre:
And banish him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathfull ire.
With sad and pensiuve thoughts alas,
Ganselo wandred then,
Who was constrain'd through want to beg
reliefe of many men.
In this distresse oft would he say,
to Rome I meane to go:
To seeke Alphonso my deare friend,

who

The Garland of good Will.

who will relieue my woe.

To Rome when pōze Ganselo came
and found Alphonsoes place,
Which was so famous huge & faire,
himselfe in such pōze case.
He was asham'd to shew himselfe,
in that his pōze array:
Having, Alphonso knowes me well,
if he should come this way.

Wherfoze he staid within the stræt
Alphonso then came by:
But heeded not Ganselo pōze,
his friend that stood so nie.
Which griev'd Ganselo to the hart:
quoth he, and is it so:
Deth proud Alphonso now disdain
his friends in need to know:

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barne hard by:
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to die.
And bitterly in sorrow there
he did lament and weepe:
And being ouerswayed with grief,
he there fell fast asleepe.

The Garland of good Will.

Where soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murdering thiefe,
And with a naked knife, lay by
this man so full of griefe.

The knife so bright he tooke vp straight
and went away amaine:

And thrust it in a murdered man,
which he befoze had slaine.

And afterward he went with speed,
and put his bloudie knife
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to saue himself from strife.

Which done, in hast away he ran,
and when that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloudie knife,
was for the murder staid.

And brought before the Magistrates,
who did confesse most plaine,
That he indeed with that same knife,
the murdered man had slaine.

Alphonso sitting there as Judge,
and knowing Ganseloes face:
To saue his friend, did say, himselfe
was guiltie in that case.

Pone, quoth Alphonso, kil'd the man,

The Garland of good Will.

my Lord but onely I :

And therefore set this poore man free,
and let me iustly die.

Thus while for death these faithfull friends
in struiuing did proceed :

The man before the Senate came,
which did the fact indeed.

Who being moued with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see :

Did prone before the Iudges plaine,
none did the fact but he.

Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides ioy was seene :

Alphonso did embrace his friend,
which had so wofull beene.

In rich array he clothed him,
as fitted his degree :

And helpt him to his lands againe,
and former dignity,

The murtherer he for telling truth,
had pardon at that time :

Who after wards lamented much,
this foule and grievous crime.

FINIS.



The second part of the Garland
of good Will.

I.

A pastorall Song, To the tune of,
Heigh ho, Holiday.

Vpon a Downe where Shepheards keepe,
piping pleasant Layes:
Two Country maids were tending Sheepe,
and sweetly chanted Roundelayes.
Thre Shepheards each an Datten had,
blaming Cupids cruell wrong,
Unto these rurall Pimphs agreed,
to keepe a tunefull vnder-song.

And for they were in number five,
Musicks number swet:
And we the like let vs contriue,
to sing their song in order met.
Faire Phillis part Ile take to me,
she gainst loving Winds complaines:
And Amarillis thou shalt be,
she defends the Shepheards swaines.

Ph. Fie on the sleights that men deuise.
Sh. Heigh ho, silly sleights.

Ph

The Garland of good Will.

Ph. When simple maids they would entice.

Sh. Maids are young mens chiefe delights.

Am. Nay, women they witch with their eyes.

Sh. Eyes like beames of burning Sun.

Am. And men once caught they sone despise.

Sh. So are Shepheards oft vndone.

Ph. If any young man win a maid.

Sh. Happy man is he.

Ph. By trusting him she is betraid.

Sh. Fie vpon such trechery.

Am. If maids win young men with their guiles.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, guilefull grieve.

Am. They deale like weeping Crocodiles

Sh. That murder men without reliefe.

Ph. I know a silly Countrey Wind.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, silly Swaine.

Ph. To whom faire Daphne proued kind.

Sh. Was not he kind to her againe?

Ph. He vowed to Pan with many an oath.

Sh. Heigh ho, Shepheards God is he.

Am. Yet since hath chang'd and broke his troth.

Sh. Troth-plight broke will plagued be.

Am. She had deceiued many a Swaine.

Sh. Fie vpon such false deceit.

Am. And plighted troth to them in vaine.

Sh.

The Garland of good Will.

Sh. There can be no grieve more great.

Am. Her measure was with measure paid,

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, equall maid.

Am. She was beguiled that was betraid.

Sh. So shall all deceivers speed.

Phil. If every maid were like to me.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, hard of heart.

Ph. Both lone and loners scozn'd should be.

Sh. Scozn'ers should be sure of smart.

Am. If every maid were of my mind.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, lovely sweet.

Am. They to their loners shold prove kind.

Sh. Kindnes is for maidens met.

Ph. He thinkes lone is an idle toy.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, busie paine.

Ph. Both wit and sence it doth annoy.

Sh. Both wit and sence thereby we gaine.

Am. Tush Phillis cease, be not so coy.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, coy disdaine.

Am. I know you loue a Shepheards boy,

Ph. Fie that women so can saine.

Ph. Well Amaryllis, now I yeld.

Sh. Shepheards sweetly pipe aloud.

Ph. Lone conquers both in towne and field.

Sh. Like a tyzant fierce and proud.

Am.

The Garland of good Will.

Am. The Evening Starre is by w^e s^e.

Sh. Vesper shines we must away.

Ph. Would euery Louer would agré.

Sh. So we end our Roundelay.

2.

Of patient Grissel and a Noble Marquesse: To
the tune of, The Brides good morrow.

A Noble Marquesse, as he did ride a hunting
hard by a Riuers side:

A proper Maiden, as she did sit a spinning,
his gentle eyes had spide.

Most faire & louely, & of comely grace was she,
although in simple attire: (dionisly

She sang full sw^et, with pleasant voyce melo-
which set the Lords heart on fire.

The more he lookt, the moze he might,

Beautie byed his hearts delight.

and to this daintie Damsell then he went,
God sp^ed (quoth he) thou famous Flower,
Faيرة Mistressse of this homely bower,
where loue & vertue liues with sw^et content.

With comely gesture, & modest fine behauiour,
she bade him welcome then:

She entertain'd him in faithfal friendly maner,
and all his Gentlemen.

The

The Garland of good Will.

The noble Marques in his hart felt such a flame
Which set his senses at strife: (thy name,
Quoth he, faire Maiden shew me soone what is
I mean to make thee my wife.

Grissel is my name, quoth she,
Farre vnfit for your degree,
a silly Maiden and of parents poore.
Say Grissel, thou art rich, he said,
A vertuous, faire, and comely maid,
grant me thy loue, and I will aske no moze.

At length she consented, & being both contented,
they married with speed:
Her country russet was chang'd to silke & veluet
as to her state agreed.
And when that she was trimly ticed in the same
her beauty shined most bright:
Far staining every other braue & comely Dame
that did appeare in her sight,
Many enuided her therfore,
Because she was of parents poore,
and twist her Lord & the great Wife did raise:
Some saide this and some said that,
Some did call her beggars brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marques (quod they) why do you wrong
thus basely for to lve:
(vs
That

The Garland of good Will.

That might hane gotten an honourable Lady
into your Princely bed:
Who will not now your noble issue still deride
which shall be hereafter bozne,
That are of blond so base by their mothers side,
the which will bring them in scozne:
Put her therfore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Linage may renowned be.
Thus euery day they saeme to prate,
That malic'd Grissels good estate,
who toke all this most mild and patiently.

(bent thus
When that the Marques did see that they were
against his faithfull wise,
Whom most dearly, tenderly, and entirely,
he loued as his life:
Spinding in secret for to proue her patient heart
therby her foes to disgrace:
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that men might pittie her case,
Great with child this Lady was,
And at length it came to passe,
two goodly childezen at one birth she had.
A sonne and daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content, (glad.
and which did make their mothers heart full
Great

The Garland of good Will.

Great royall Feasting was at thir Childzens
and Princely triumph made: (christning,
Sir waikes together, all Nobles that came thir
were entertained and staid. (ther

And when that al these pleasat sportings quite
the Marquesse a messenger sent (were done,
For his yong daughter, & his pretie smiling son
declaring his full intent:

Holv that the babes must murthered be,
For so the Marquesse dis decre:
come, let me haue the children, then he said,
With that faire Grissel wept full soze,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
my gracious Lord must haue his will obeyd.

She toke the Babes from the nursing Ladies,
betwene her tender armes:

She often wishes, with many sorowfull kisses,
that she might helpe their harmes.

Farewell farewell, quoth she, my children dære,
neuer shall I see you againe:

'Tis long of me your sad & wofull mother here,
for whose sake ye must be slaine:

Had I bene bozne of Royall race,
You might haue lin'd in happy case:
but you must die for my unworthinesse,
Come messenger of death, said she,
Take my despised Babes to thee,

and

The Garland of good Will.

and to their father my complaints expresse.

He took the children, and to his Noble Father
he brought them forth with speed.

Who secret sent them vnto a noble Lady,
to be nurs'd by indeed.

Then to faire Grissel with a heavy heart he goes
where she sate mildly alone:

A pleasant gesture and a louely looke she shewes,
as if griefe she had neuer knowne.

Quoth he my children now are slaine,

What thinkest faire Grissel of the same,

swet Grissel now declare thy mind to mee

With you my Lord are pleased with it,

More Grissel thinks the action fit,

both I and mine at your command will be.

By Nobles murmure, faire Grissel, at thy honor
and I no ioy can haue: (sence,

Till thou be banisht both from my Court & pre:
as they vniustly craue:

Thou must be stript out of thy stately garments,
and as thou camst vnto me,

In homely gray, in stead of Wisse and purest Pal,
now all thy clothing must be.

My Lady thou shalt be no more,

For I thy Lord which grieues me soze,

the poorest life must now content thy mind.

The Garland of good Will.

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For I thy Lord which grieues me soze,

the poorest life must now content thy mind.

The Garland of good Will.

A groat to thee I may not giue,
Thee to maintaine while I do liue;
against my Grissel such great foes I find.

When gentle Grissel heard those wofull tidings,
the teares stood in her eyes:
She nothing saide, no words of discontentment
did from her lips arise:
Her beluet gowne most patiently she slipt off,
her kirtle of silke with the same: (a scoffe,
Her russet gowne was brought again with many
to heare them all her selfe she did frame.
When she was drest in this array:
And ready was to part away:
God send long life vnto my Lord, quoth she,
Let no offence be found in this,
To giue my Lord a parting kis:
with watered eyes, farewell my dére (qd. he)

From stately Palace vnto her Fathers cottage,
poore Grissel now is gone:
Full fiftéen winters, she liued there contented,
no wrong she thought vpon. (went,
And at that time through all the land y^e speeches
the Parquesse shoulde married be,
Vnto a Lady great of high discent,
and to the same all parties did agré.
The Parquesse sent for Grissel faire,

The Garland of good Will.

The Brides bed chamber to prepare,
that nothing should therein be found awoye
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great ioy to all and some,
and Grissel toke all this most patiently.

(wedded)

And in the morning when that they should be
her patience now was tried:

Grissel was charged her selfe in princely manner,
for to attire the Bride.

Most willingly she gaue consent vnto the same,
the Bride in her bzanery was drest:

And presently the noble Marques thither came,
with all his Lords at his request.

Oh Grissel, I would ask of thee,

If thou to this match would agree,

me thinks thy looks are wahren wondrous coy:

With that they began all to smile,

And Grissel she replies the while:

God send Lord Marques many yeres of ioy.

The Marques was moued to see his best belo.

thus patient in distresse: (ned

He leapt vnto her, and by the hand he toke her,
these words he did expresse. (to haue,

Thou art the Bride, & all the Brides I meane
these two thine owne childzen be: (crane

The youthfull Lady on her knees did blessing

¶ 2

her

The Garland of good Will.

her brother as willing as she
And you that enuy her estate,
Whom I haue made my louing mate,
now blush for shame, and honour vertuous life,
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall enermore extoll the name
of patient Grissel, my most constant wife.
FINIS.

2.

A pleasant Dialogue betweene plaine Truth,
and blind Ignorance.

Truth.

God speed you aged Father,
And giue you a good day:
What is the cause I pray you,
so sadly here to stay:
And that you keepe such gazing
on this decayed place:
The which for superstition
good Princes downe did race.

Ignorance.

Chil tell thee by my va zonne,
that sometime che haue knowne
A faire and goodly Abbey,
Stand here of brick and stone:
And many holy Friers,

The Garland of good Will:

as ich may say to thee:
Within these goodly Cloysters
che did full often see.

Truth.

Then I must tell thee Father,
in truth and veritie:
A sort of greater hypocrites
thou couldst not likely see.
Deceiuing of the simple,
with false and feigned lyes:
But such an order truly,
Christ neuer did deuise.

Ignorance.

Ah, ah, che smell thee now man,
che well know what thou art:
A bellow of new learning,
che wis not worth a bart:
No, when we had the old Law
a mery world was then:
And euery thing was plenty,
among all sorts of men.

Truth.

Thou giuest me an answer,
as did the Jewes sometime
Unto the Prophet Jeremy,
when he accusd their crime.
It was mery (said the people)
and ioyfull in our Realme,

The Garland of good Will,

Which did offer spice cakes
vnto the Quene of heauen.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee what good bellow,
before the Triers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheat
was sold for forty pence:
And forty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new:
All this che say my selfe haue yane
and yet ich am no Jew.

Truth.

Within the sacred Bible,
we find it written plaine:
The latter dayes shoulde troublesome
and dangerous be certaine:
That we shoulde be selfe louers,
and charitie wahren cold:
Then tis not true Religion,
that makes this grieve to hold.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
and shoulde that well ye knew.
Ich care not for this Bible Booke,
tis too big to be true.
Our blessed Ladies Psalter,
shall for my mony go:
Such pretty prayers as there be,

The Garland of good Will.

the Bible cannot þeue,

Truth.

How hast thou spoken truly,
for in that Booke indeed:
No mention of our Lady,
or womish Saints we read.
For by the blessed Spirit,
that Booke indited was:
And not by simple persons,
as is your foolish Masse.

Ignorance.

Cham þure they are not boolish
that made the Masse the trow:
Why man, tis all in Latine,
and booles no Latine know.
Where not our Fathers wisemen,
and they did like it well:
Who very much reioyced,
to heare the sacring bell.

Truth.

But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to the:
Hane wisht the light that you hane,
and neuer could it see.
For what art thou the better
a Latine song to heare:
And vnderstandest nothing,
that they sing in the Quire:

¶ 4

Ignorance,

The Garland of good Will.

Ignorance.

O hold thy peace che pray the,
the noise was passing trim:
To heare the Friers zinging,
as we did enter in.
And then to see the Kibloft,
so brauely set with Zaints:
And now to see them wanting,
my heart with sorow faints.

Truth.

The Lord did giue commandment,
no Image thou shouldst make,
For that vnto Idolatry
you should your selfe betake.
The golden Calfe of Israell,
Moses did theresoze spoile:
And Baal his Priests and Temple,
were brought to vtter foyle.

Ignorance.

But our Lady of Walsingham
was sure an holy Zaint:
And many men in pilgrimage,
did shew to her complaint.
Yea sweet Zaint Thomas Becket,
and many others moe:
The holy Paule of Kent likewise,
did many wonders shew,

Truth.

The Garland of good Will.

Truth.

Such Saints are well agréing,
to your profession sure:
And to the men that made them
so precious and so pure.
The one was found a Traitor,
and iudged worthy death,
The other eke for Treason
did end his hatefull bydeath.

Ignorance.

Yea yea it is no matter,
dispraise them how you will:
But sure they did much goodnesse,
when they were with vs ill.
We had our holy water,
and holy bread likewise:
And many holy Reliques
we saw befoze our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they sed you,
with vaine and sondry sholwes:
Which neuer Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knowes.
Search then the holy Scriptures,
and thou shalt plainly see:
That headlong to damnation,
they alwayes trained thee,

Ignorance.

The Garland of good Will,

Ignorance.

If it be true good bellow:
as thou dost say to me:
Then to my Saviour Jesus
alone then will I flie.
Believing in the Gospell,
and passion of his Sonne:
And with these subtil Papiſts
ich haue ſoꝛ euer done.

FINIS.

3.

The overthrow of proud Holofernes, and the
triumph of vertuous Queene Iudith.

When King Nebuchadonczar,
was puffed by with pride:
Hee sent ſoꝛ many men of warre,
by Holofernes guide
To plague and ſpoile the world thꝛoughout,
by ſierce Bellonaes rod:
That would not ſcare and honoꝛ him,
and knowledge him their God.

Which when the holy Iſraelites
did truly vnderſtand:
For to pꝛeuent his tyzannie,
they ſoꝛtified their Land.

their

The Garland of good Will.

Their Townes and stately Cities strong
they did with victuals store:
Their warlike weapons they prepar'd,
their furious foe to gore.

When stately Holoernes then
had knowledge of that thing:
That they had thus prepar'd themselves
for to withstand the King.
Quoth he, what God is able now,
to keepe those men from me:
Is there a greater then our King,
whom all men feare to see.

Come march with mee therefore he said
my Captaines every one:
And first vnto Bethulia,
with speed let vs be gone.
I will destroy each mothers sonne,
that is within the Land:
Their God shall not deliuer them
out of my furious hand.

Wherefore about Bethulia,
that little City then:
On foot he planted vp and doونه,
an hundred thousand men.
Twelue thousand more on horses braue

about

The Garland of good Will.

about the Towne had he,
He stopt their springs and water pipes
to worke their misery.

When foure and thirty yeares they had
with warres besieged bane:
The poore Bethulians at that time
so thirsty then was sene,
That they were like to starue and die,
they were both weake and faint:
The people gainst the Rulers cry,
and thus was their complaint.

Better it is for vs quoth they,
to yeld vnto our foe:
Then by this great and grievous thirst,
to be destroyed so.
D render vp the Towne therfore,
God hath forsaken quite:
There is no meanes to scape their hands,
who can escape their might:

When as their grieved Rulers heard
the clamors which they made.
God people be content, they said,
and be no whit dismayd.
Yet fve dayes stay in hope of helpe,
God will regard our woe:

But

The Garland of good Will.

But if by then no succour come,
wele yeld vnto our foe.

When Iudith (prudent princely Dame)
had tidings of this thing:
Which was Manasses vertuous wife,
that sometime was their king.
Why tempt ye God so soze she said,
besoze all men this day:
Whom moztall men in conscience ought
to feare and eke obay.

If you will grant me leaue, quoth she,
to passe abroad this night:
To Holofernes I will go,
foz all his furious might.
But what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me:
Go then in peace, faire Dame, they said
and God be still with thee.

When she from them was gotten home:
within her Palace gate:
She called to her the chiefest maid,
that on her then did waite.
Bring me my best attire quoth she,
and Jewels of finest gold:
And wash me with the finest balmes,

that

The Garland of good Will.
that are for silver sold.

The fairest and the richest robes,
that then they did possesse:
Upon her dainty corps she put,
and eke her head did dresse.
With costly pearles and precious stones,
and Earings of fine gold:
That like an Angell she did seeme,
most sweet for to behold.

A pot of sweet and pleasant oyle,
she took with her that time:
A bag of Figs and fine white flower,
a bottle of fine Wine:
Because she should not eat with them
that worship gods of stone:
And from the City thus she went,
with one poore maid alone.

Much ground alas she had not gone
out of her owne City:
But that the Centinels espide
her coming presently.
From whence come you, faire Maid, quoth they,
and where walke you so late?
From yonder Towne, good Sir, quoth she,
to your Lord of high state.

When

The Garland of good Will.

When they did marke and view her well,
and saw her faire beauty:
And there with all her rich array,
so gorgeous to the eye:
They were amazed in their minds,
so faire a Dame to see:
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high degree.

An hundred proper chosen men
they did appoint likewise,
To waite on Princely Iudith there,
whose beauty beared their eyes,
And all the souldiers running came,
to view her as she went:
And thus with her they pass along
vnto the Generals Tent.

There came his stately Guard in hast,
faire Iudith for to meet:
And to their high renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet.
And then before his honour high,
upon her knees she fell:
Her beauty bright made him to muse,
so farre she did excell.

Rise by renowned Dame, quoth he,

The Garland of good Will.

the gloze of thy kind:
And be no whit abasht at all,
to shew to me thy mind.
When she had vttered her intent,
her wit amaz'd them all,
And Holofernes heart therewith,
by loue was brought in thrall.

And bearing in his toasty breast,
the flames of hot desire:
He granted every thing to her,
she did of him require.
Each night therfore he gaue her leane,
to walke abroad to pray,
According to her owne request,
which she did make that day.

When she in Camp had thrée dayes béene,
neare Holofernes Tent:
His chiefeest friend, Loyd Treasurer,
vnto her then he sent.
Faيرة Dame, quoth he, my Loyd commands,
this night your company:
Quoth she, I will not my good Loyd
in any thing deny.

A great and sumptuous Feast
did Holofernes make:

Among

Fro

The Garland of good Will.

and Meluet full faire:
Which souldiers me asured out
by the length of their Swords,
Of all commodities,
each one had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our bysue Generall
Marcht to the Market place,
where he did stand:
There many prisoners
of good account were toke:
Many cran'd mercy,
and mercy they found.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our bracie Generall
saw they delayed time,
And would not ransom
the Towne as they said:
With their faire Wainscots,
their Presses and Bedstedes,
Their Joynt-stoles and Tables,
a fire we made:
And when the town burnt in a flame,
With tan ta ra, tan ta ra ra,
from thence we came.

The Garland of good Will.

4.

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse
of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and end-
lesse glory.

When as King Edward the third did live,
that valiant King:
Dauid of Scotland to rebell,
did then begin.
The towne of Barwicke suddenly
from vs he wonne:
And burnt New-castle to the ground,
thus strife begun.
To Rosbury Castle marcht he then,
and by the force of warlike men,
Besieg'd therein agallant faire Lady,
while that her husband was in France,
His countries honour to aduance,
the noble and the famous Earle of Salisbury.

Wane Sir William Mountague,
rode then in post:
Who declar'd unto the King,
the Scottish mens boast.
Who like a Lyon in a rage,
did straight way prepare
For to deliuer that faire Lady,
from twofull care:

But

The Garland of good Will.

But when the Scottis men did heare say,
Edward our King was come that day:
They raised their siege, and ran away with speed,
So that when he did thither come
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,
none but a gallant Lady did him meet.

Who when he did with greedy eyes
behold and see:
Her peerlesse beauty straight enthrald
his Pateſtie.

And euer the longer that he look't
the more he might:

For in her onely beauty was,
his hearts delight.

And humbly then vpon her knee,
He thank't his royall Pateſtie,
That he had dyen danger from her Gate.

Lady, quoth he stand by in peace,
Although my warre doth now increase,
Lord keepe, quoth she, all hurt from your estate.

Now is the King full sad in soule,
and wot not why:

All for the loue of the faire Countesse
of Salisburp.

She little knowing his cause of Griefe,
did come to see:

The Garland of good Will.

Wherefore his Highnesse sate alone
so heauily,

I haue bene wrong'd faire Dame, quoth he,
since I came hither vnto thee:

So God forbid my Soueraigne, he said
if I were woorthy for to know

The cause and ground of this your woe,
you should be helpt if it did lye in me.

I sweare to performe thy words to me
thou Lady gay:

To thee the sorow of my heart,
I will bewray.

I sweare by all the Saints in heauen,
I will quoth he:

And let my Lord haue no mistrust
at all in me.

Then take thy selfe aside, he said,
for why thy beauty hath betraid,

Wounding a King with thy bright shining eye,
If thou do then some mercy shew:

Thou shalt expell a Princes woe:
so shall I liue, or else in sorow die.

You haue your wish my Soueraigne Lord,
effectually:

Take all the loue that I can giue
your Maieſtie:

But

The Garland of good Will.

But in thy beauty all my toys
haue their abode:

Take then my beauty from my face
my gracious Lord.

Didst thou not swear to grant my will:
all that I may I will fulfill.

Then for my loue let thy true loue be seene:
My Lord, your speech I might reproue,
You cannot giue to me your loue,
for that belongs vnto your Quene.

But I suppose your Grace did this,
only to try,

Whether, a wanton tale might tempt
Dame Salisbury.

For from your selfe therfore my Liege,
my steps do stray:

But from your tempting wanton tale,
I go my way.

O turne againe thou Lady bright,
come vnto me my harts delight.

Gone is the comfort of my pensive heart:

Here comes the Carle of Warwicke he,

The Father of this faire Lady:

my mind to him I meane for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Soueraigne King
so grieved in mind:

The Garland of good Will.

Because that I haue lost the thing
I cannot find.

What thing is that my gracious Lord
which you haue lost?

It is my heart which is neare dead,
betwixt fire and frost.

Curst be that fire and frost too,
that causeth this your highnesse too,
O Warwick, thou dost wrong me very soze,
it is thy daughter noble Carle:

That heauen bright lampe that péeceles pearle
which kills my heart, yet do I her adozc.

If that be all (my gracious King:)
that woꝝkes your grise,
I will perswade that scornefull Dame
to yeld reliefe:

Neuer shall she my daughter be,
if she refuse.

The lone and fauour of a King,
may her excuse.

Thus while Warwicke went his way,
and quite contrary he did say:

When as he did the beauteous Countesse meet,
well met my daughter deare, quoth he.

A message I must do to thé:

Our royall King most kindly both thé greet.

The Garland of good Will.

The King will die, lest thou to him
do grant thy loue:

To loue, my husbands loue

I should remone,

It is thy right charitie to loue,
my daughter deare:

But not true loue so charitable
for to appeare.

His greatnesse may beare out the shame,

But his kingdome cannot buy out the blame,
he craves thy loue that may bersane thy life.

It is my dutie to moue this,

But not my honestie to yeeld, I wis:

I meane to die a true vnspotted life.

Now hast thou spoken my daughter deare,
as I would haue:

Chastitie beares a golden name
vnto her grane.

And when vnto thy wedded Lord,
thou prouest vntrue:

Then let my bitter curses still
thy soule pursue.

Then with a smiling cheare go thou
as right and reason doth allow.

(mind

Yet shew the King thou bearest no strumpets

I go deare father with a trice
and by a slight of mine deniee:

The Garland of good Will.

He cause the King confesse that I am kind.

Here comes the Lady of my life
the King did say:

My father bids me Soueraigne Lord
your will obey:

And I consent, if you will grant
one boone to me.

I grant it thee, my Lady faire,
what ere it be.

My husband is alive you know,
first let me kill him, ere I go.

And at your command I wil for ever be.

Thy husband now in France doth rest:

So, no he lyes within my brest,
and being so nie, he will my falshood see.

With that she started from the King,
and tooke hir knife:

And desperately she sought to rid
her selfe of life.

The King vpsstarted from his chaire,
her hand to stay,

O noble King you haue broke your word
with me this day.

Thou shalt not do this deed, quoth he,
then will I neuer ly with thee.

So, lye thou still, and let me beare the blame,

line

The Garland of good Will.

live in honour and high estate,
With thy true Lord and wedded mate:
I neuer will attempt this suit againe.

5.

The Spanish Ladies Loue to an English
Gentleman.

VVill you heare a Spanish Lady
how she wooed an Englishman
Garments gay as rich as may be,
deckt with Jewels had she on,
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she:
And by birth and parentage
of high degré.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his bands her life did lye:
Cupids bands did tie her faster,
by the liking of her eye.
In his courteous company,
was all her toy;
To fauour him in any thing,
she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment,
so; to set the Ladies free:

With

The Garland of good Will.

With their Jewels still adorning,
none to do them injury.

Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me:

O let me still sustaine this kind
captivity.

Gallant captaine take some pittie
of a Lady in distresse:

Leane me not within the Citie,
for to dye in heauinesse.

Thou hast set this present day,
my body free:

But my heart in prison strong,
remains with thee.

How should you faire Lady loue me
whom thou knowest thy Countries foe:

Thy faire words make me suspect thee,
Serpents lie where flowers grow.

All the euill I thinke to thee,
most courteous Knight:

God grant vnto my selfe the same,
may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
that you came on Spanish ground,
If you may our foe be termed,

gentle

The Garland of good Will.

gentle foes we haue you found.
With our Cities you haue won,
our hearts each one:
Then to your Country beare away,
that is your owne.

Rest you still (most gallant Lady,
rest you still and waepe no more:
Of faire louers there are plenty,
Spaine doth yeld a wondrous store.
Spaniards fraught with iealousie,
we often find:
But English men through all the world
are counted kind.

Leaue me not vnto a Spaniard,
you alone enioy my heart:
I am louely, yong and tender,
loue is likewise my desert.
Stil to serue thæ day and night,
my mind is prest:
The wise of euery Englishman
is counted blest.

It would be a shame, faire Lady,
for to beare a woman hence:
English souldiers neuer carry
any such without offence.

The Garland of good Will.

I will quickly change my selfe,
if it be so:

And like a Page Ile follow thee,
where ere thou go.

I haue neither gold nor siluer,
to maintaine thee in this case:
And to trauell is great charges,
as you know in euery place,
My chaines and Jewels euery one
shall be thine owne:
And eke five hundred pound in gold,
that lyes vnknowne.

On the Seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise:
Which will be to Ladies dreadfull,
and force tears from watry eyes,
Well in worth I should endure
extremity:
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady be contented,
here comes all that breeds the strife,
I in England haue already,
a sweet woman to my wife.
I will not falsifie my bow

The Garland of good Will.

for gold nor gaine:
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames
that live in Spaine.

O how happy is that woman
that enioyes so true a friend:
Many dayes of ioy God send you,
of my suit Ile make an end.
Upon my knees I pardon craue
for this offence:
Which loue and true affection
did first commence.

Commend me to thy louing Lady
beare to her this chaine of gold,
And these bracelets for a token,
griening that I was so bold.
All my Jewels in like sort
beare thou with thee:
For these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my dayes in prayer,
None and all her labours desie:
In a Spinnery will I shewd me,
farre from other company,
But ere my prayers haue an end,
be sure of this:

The Garland of good Will.

To pray for thee and for thy loue,
I will not misse.

Thus farewell most gentle Captaine,
and farewell my hearts content:
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my loue was bent.
Joy and true prosperitie,
go still with thee:
The like shall euer to thy share,
most faire Lady.

9.

A farewell to Love.

Farewell false Love the Oracle of lyes:
A mortall foe, an enemy to rest;
An enuious boy from whence great cares arise:
A Bastard bile, a beast with rage possesse.
A way for error, tempest, full of treason;
In all respects contrary vnto reason.

A poyson'd Serpent couered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs, and murderers of repose;
A season of sorrow, whence ran all such showres,
As moisture giues to euerie grieve that grows:
A schoole of guile, a nest of darke deceit,
A golden hooke, that holds a poysoned bait.

The Garland of good Will.

A soztlesse field, whom reason did defend:
A Syrens song, a fetter of the mind:
A maze, wherein affection finds no end:
A raining cloud, that runs before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the Sunne:
A gale of griefe, for which the wisest runne.

A quenchlesse fire, a rest of trembling feare:
A path that leads to perill and mishap:
A true retreat of sorrow and despaire,
An idle boy that slepes in pleasures lap:
A deepe mistrust of that which certaine seemes,
A hope of that which reason doubtfull deemes.

Then sith my reigne my yonger yeres betraid:
And for my faith ingratitude I find:
And sith repentance hath the wrong betraid,
Whose crooked cause hath not bene after kind:
False loue go backe, and beauty fraile adew,
Dead is the root from whence such fancies grew.

FINIS.

*The Lover by his gifts thinks to conquer chastitie,
And with his gifts sends these verses to the Lady.*

What face so faire that is not crackt with gold:
What wit so worth but hath gold in his wonder,
What learning but with golden lines will holde
What

The Garland of good Will.

What state so hie, but gold will bring it vnder:
What thought so sweet but gold doth bitter leave
And what rule better then the Golden reason:

The ground is fat that yeelds the golden fruit:
The study high, that fits the golden state:
The labour swete that gets the golden suit:
The reckning rich, that scoznes the golden rate:
The loue is sure, that golden hope doth hold:
And rich againe that serues the god of Gold.

FINIS.

The womans answer.

Foule is the face, whose beauty gold can race:
Worthy the wit that hath wealth in her wonder:
Unlearned lines puts gold in honours place:
Wicked the state that will to cothe come vnder:
Wise the conceit that seasoned is with gold:
And beggars rule that such a reason hold.

(grace

Earth giues the gold but Heaven giues greater
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdomes state,
Labour seeks peace, lone hath an higher place:
Death makes the reckning, life is all my rate:
Thy hope is hell, my hope of heaven doth hold,
God giue me grace, let Dines die with gold.

FINIS.

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